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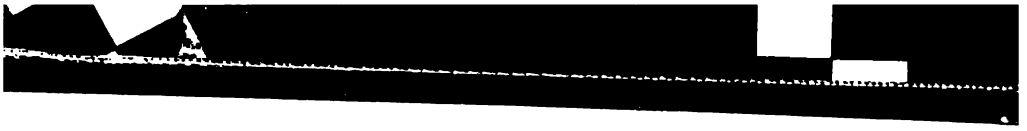
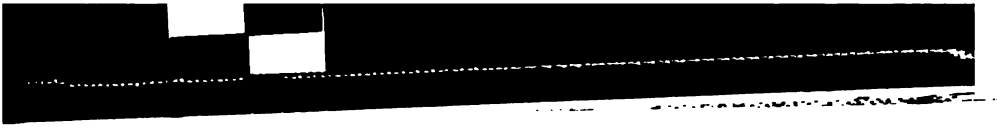
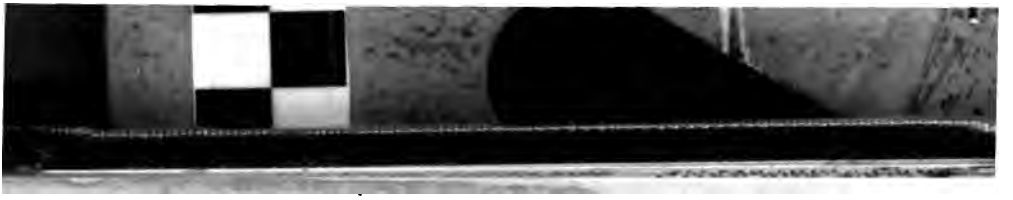
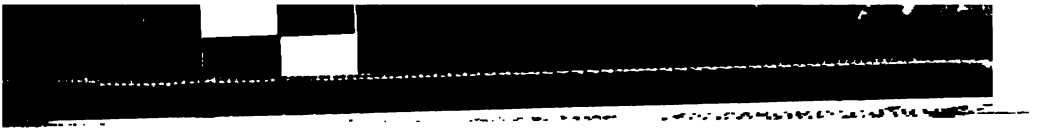






Confessions *of a* Caricaturist

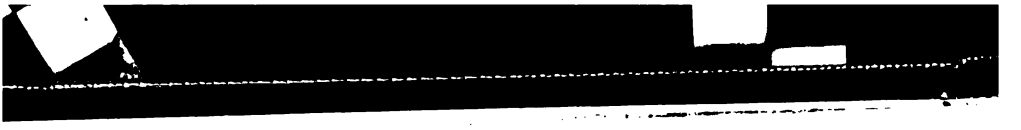


Confessions *of a* Caricaturist

By

Oliver Herford

New York · Charles Scribner's Sons
1917



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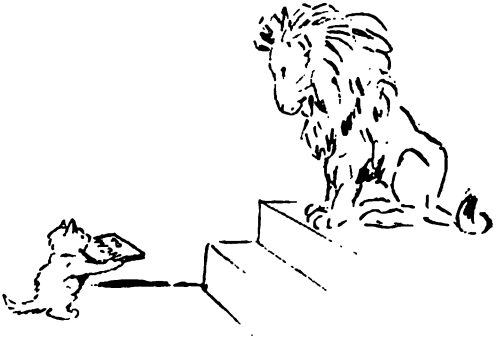
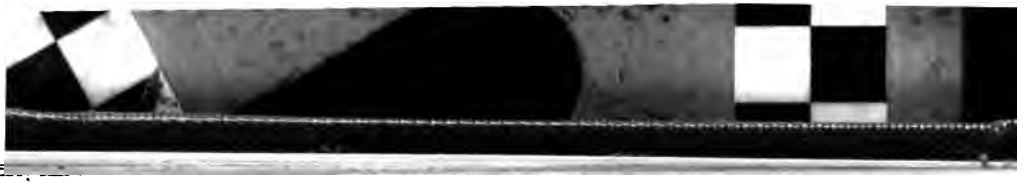
Published September, 1917

TO WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS





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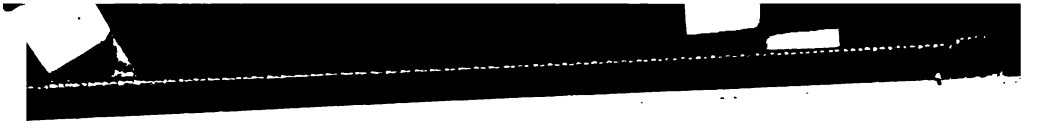
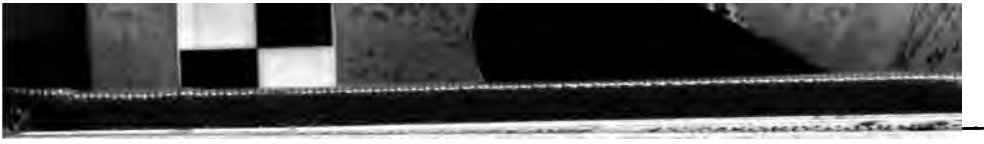
Confessions *of a* Caricaturist

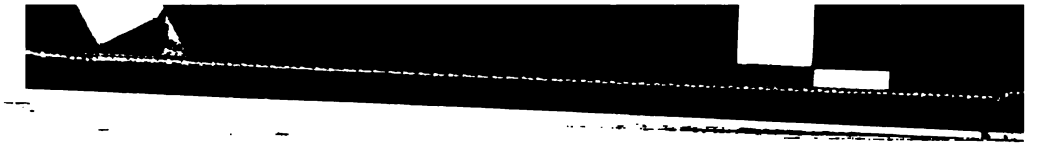




William Dean Howells

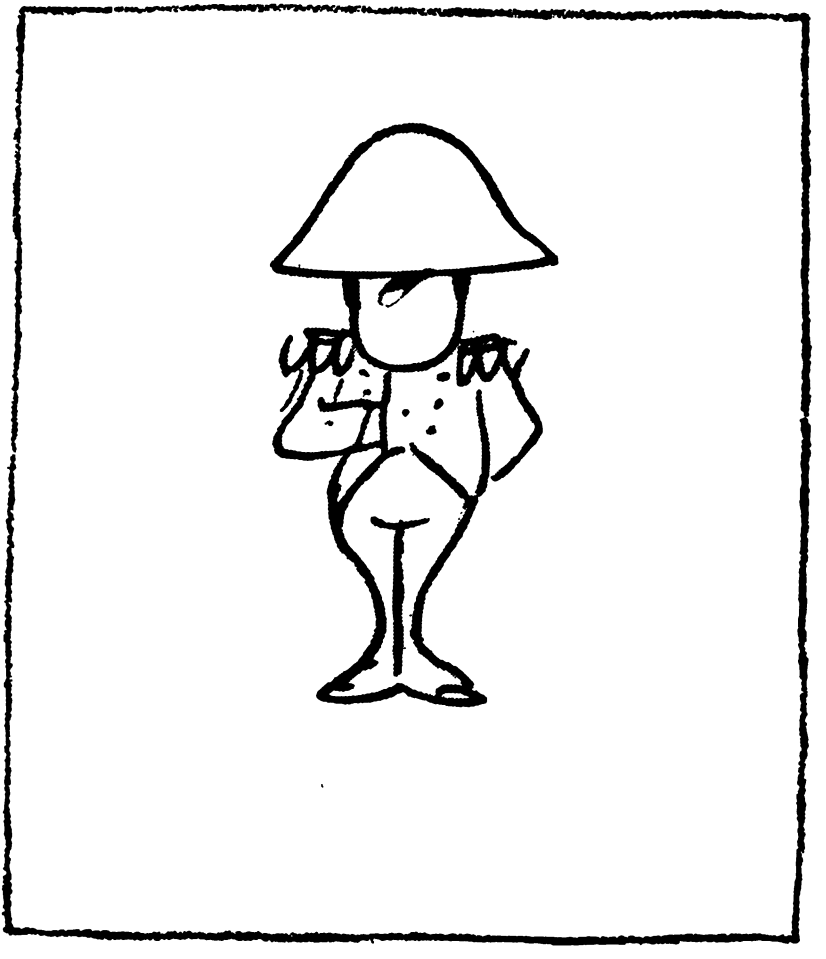
Not squirrels in the park alone
His love and winter-kindness own.
When Literary Fledglings try
Their wings, in first attempt to fly,
They flutter down to Franklin Square,
Where Howells in his "Easy Chair"
Like good Saint Francis scatters crumbs
Of Hope, to each small bird that comes.
And since Bread, cast upon the mair
Must to the giver come again,
I tender now, long overtime,
This humble Crumb of grateful rhyme.

(See Frontispiece)



Napoleon

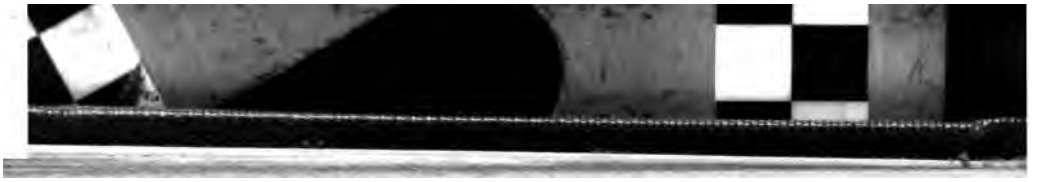
I like to draw Napoleon best
Because one hand is in his vest,
The other hand behind his back.
(For drawing hands I have no knack.)



Dante

If you should ask me, whether Dante
Drank Benedictine or Chianti,
I should reply, "I cannot say,
But I can draw him either way."

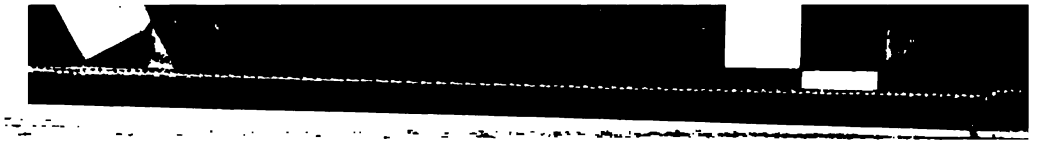
BEN



Theodore Roosevelt

The ways of Providence are odd.
If THEODORE means "The Gift of God,"
Let us give thanks, at any rate,
The Gift was not a duplicate.

Aside
(To T.R)
Dear Theodore, should it give you pain
To read this Rhyme, let me explain.
If we 'exchanged' you, where on earth
Could we find one of Equal worth?



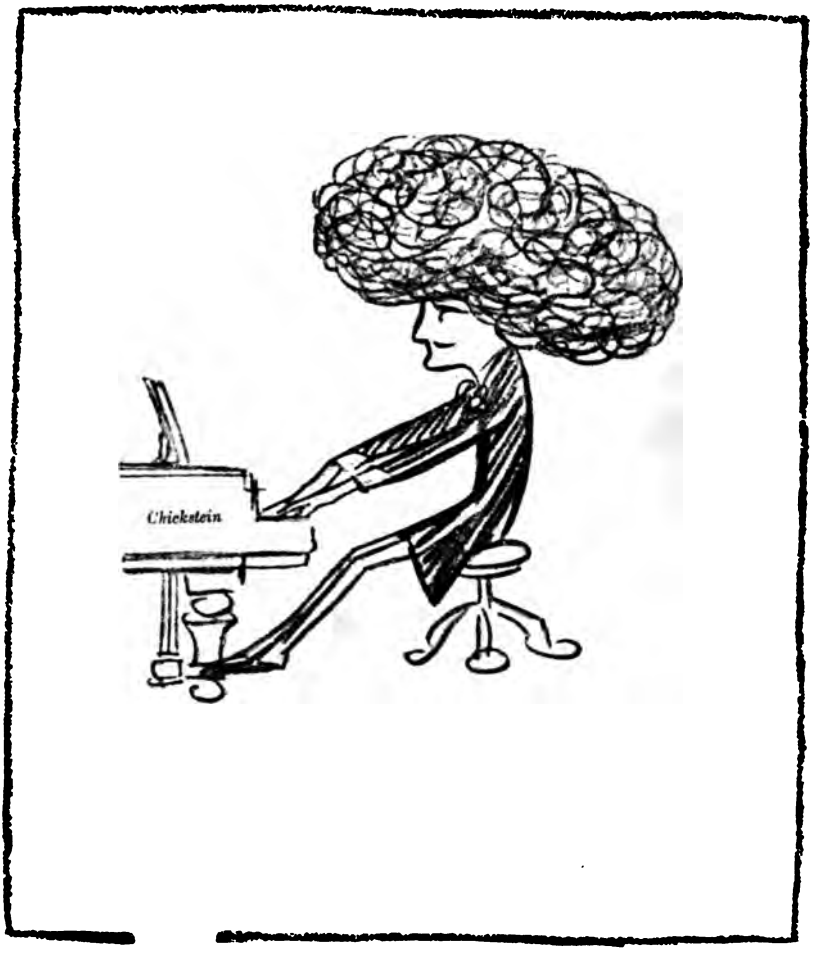
Rudyard Kipling

I seem to see a Shining One,
With eyes that gleam, now fierce, now tender,
Through Goggles that reflect the Sun
"With more than Oriental Splendor";
I see him sitting on a chest
Heavy with padlocks, bolts, and cording,
Where Untold Treasures hidden rest,
Treasures of Untold Yarns he's hoarding.
Oh, Rudyard, please unlock that chest!
With hope deferred we're growing hoary;
Or was it all an empty jest
Your saying, *"That's another story"*?

THE
OTHER
STORIES

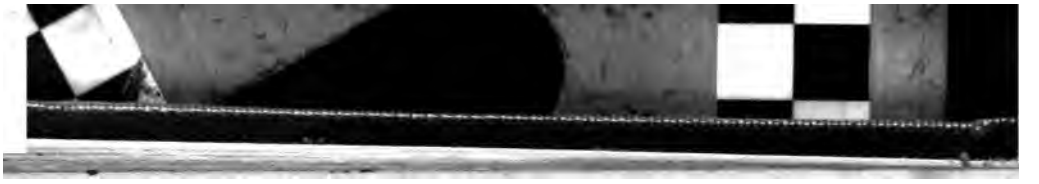
Ignace Jan Paderewski

When Paderewski is forgot,
Our children's children, like as not,
Will worship in the Hall of Fame,
Some great piano-maker's name.


Chickstein

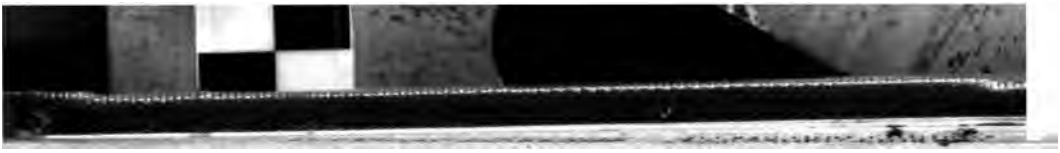
Daniel Frohman

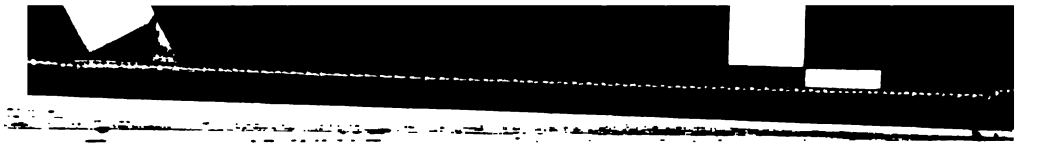
I love to picture Daniel Frohman
In costume of a noble Roman.
For Dan has just the style of hair,
That Julius Cæsar used to wear.



Charles W. Eliot

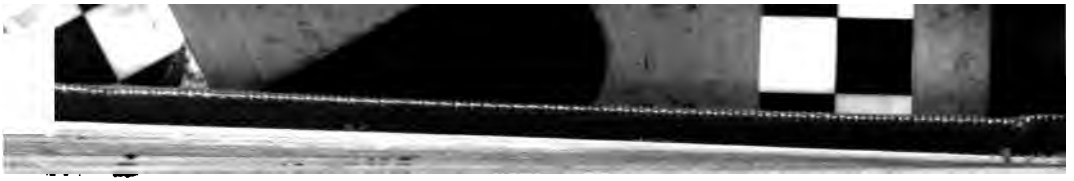
And now comes Dr. Eliot stating
That Hell won't bear investigating.
It looks like Charlie's out to bust
The Great Hell-Fire Insurance Trust.





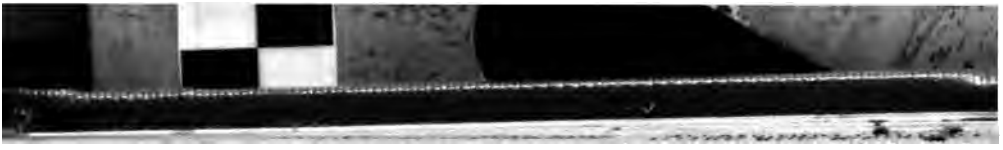
J. Pierpont Morgan

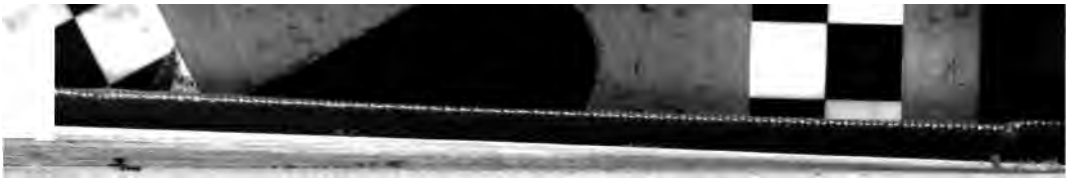
In Rome, when Morgan came to town,
They nailed the Colosseum down.
A great Collector! Once his Fad
Was Coins, but when in time he had
Collected all the coin in sight,
To Europe's Art his thoughts took flight.
But let not Europe palpitate
For fear of an Art Syndicate.
There are more Rembrandts, strange to say,
Than ever were in Rembrandt's day;
And statues "planted" in the sand
Will always equal the demand.



Gilbert K. Chesterton

Unless I'm very much misled,
Chesterton's easier done than said.
I have not seen him, but his looks
I can imagine from his books.





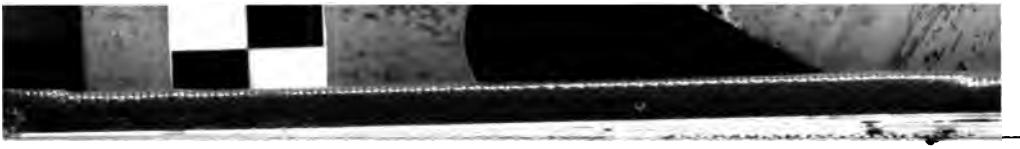
Guglielmo Marconi

I like Marconi best to see
Beneath a Macaroni tree
Playing that Nocturne in F Sharp
By Chopin, on a Wireless Harp.

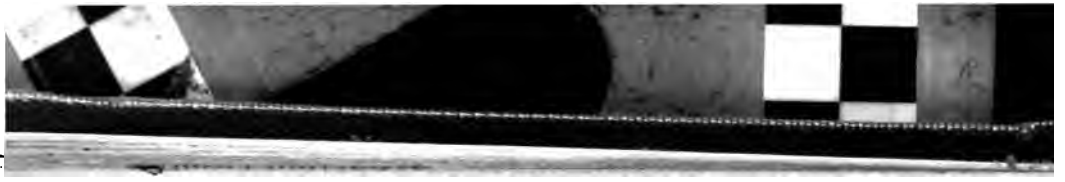
George Bernard Shaw

The very name of Bernard Shaw
Fills me with mingled Mirth and Awe.
Mixture of Mephistopheles,
Don Quixote, and Diogenes,
The Devil's wit, the Don's Romance
Joined to the Cynic's arrogance.
Framed on Pythagorean plan,
A Vegetable Souperman.
Here you may see him crown with bay
The Greatest Playwright of his day;*
Observe the look of Self Distrust
And Diffidence—upon the bust.

* For "his" read any.—G. B. S.

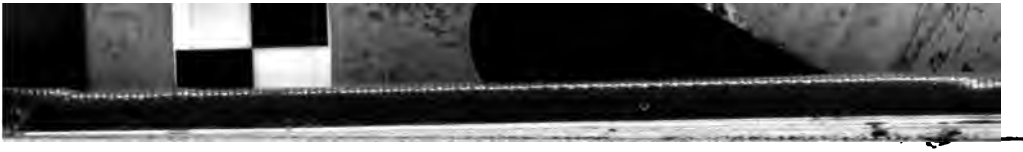


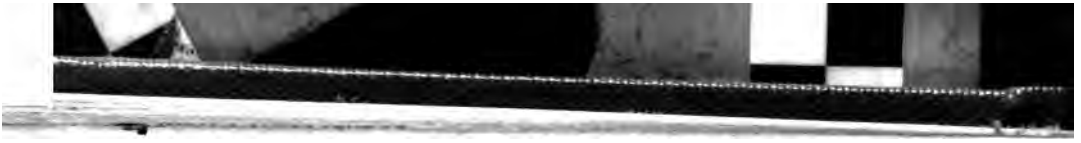
SHAW



Brander Matthews

I'd best beware how I make free
With Brander Matthews L. L. D.
Since Prexy Wilson's paved the way
He may be President some day.





John S. Sargent

Here's Sargent doing the Duchess X
In pink velours and pea-green checks.
"It helps," says he, "to lift your Grace
A bit above the commonplace."

Arnold Bennett

'Tis very comforting to know
That every other day or so
A Book by Bennett will appear
To charm the Western Hemisphere.
I see him now, with zeal sublime,
Pounding from dawn to dinner-time
Four typewriters, with hands and feet.
When the four novels are complete,
He'll fold, and send *à grande vitesse*
His Quadrumanuscript to press.

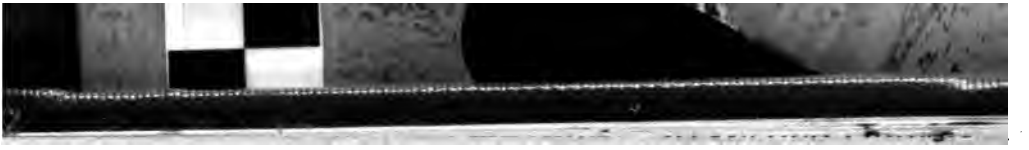
P. S.
Just Think how much we'd have to Read
If Bennett were a centipede
Oh!

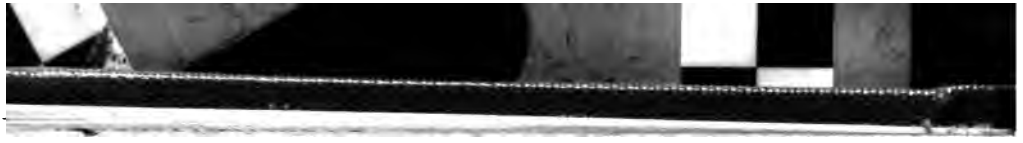
Shakespeare

Will Shakespeare, the Baconians say,
Was the Belasco of his day—
Others more plausibly maintain
He was the double of Hall Caine.

William Howard Taft

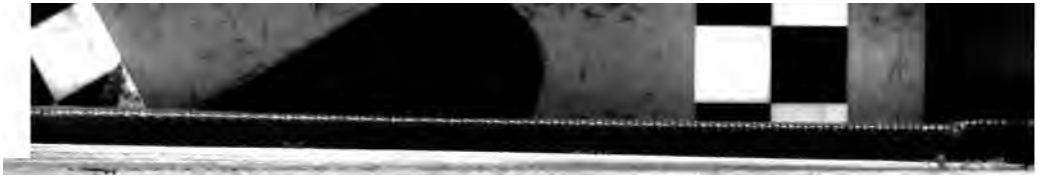
I'm sorry William Taft is out
Of Politics; without a doubt
Of all the Presidential crew
He was the easiest to do.





G. K. Chesterton

When Plain Folk, such as you or I,
See the Sun sinking in the sky,
We think it is the Setting Sun,
But Mr. Gilbert Chesterton
Is not so easily misled.
He calmly stands upon his head,
And upside down obtains a new
And Chestertonian point of view,
Observing thus, how from his toes
The sun creeps nearer to his nose,
He cries with wonder and delight,
"How Grand the SUNRISE is to-night!"



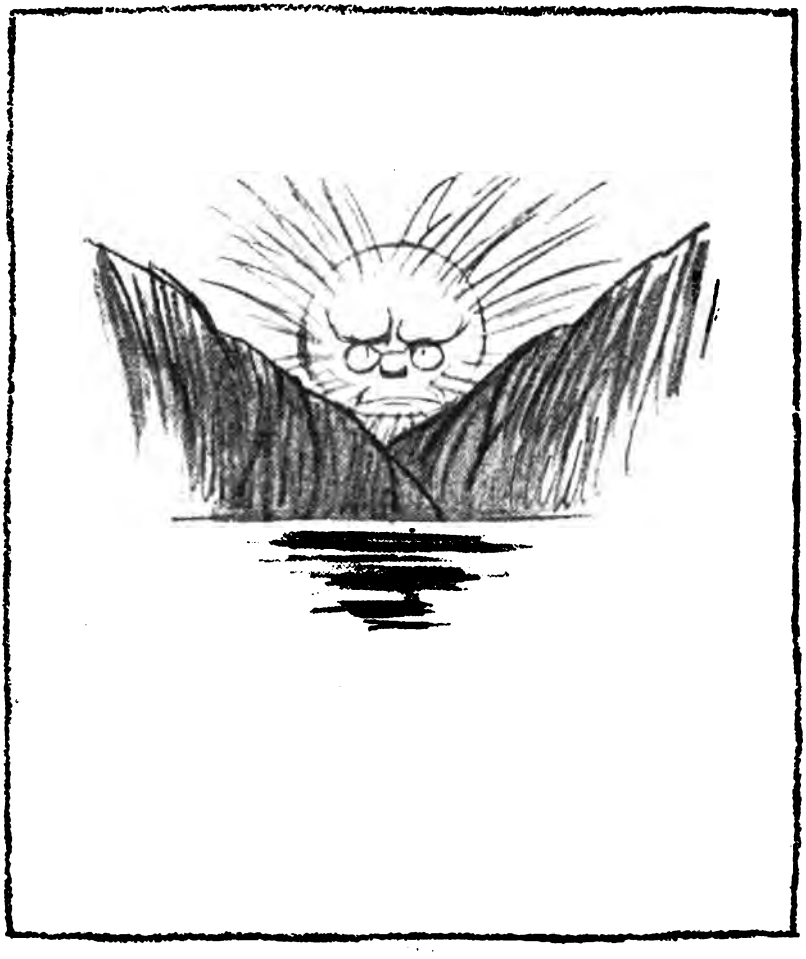
David Belasco

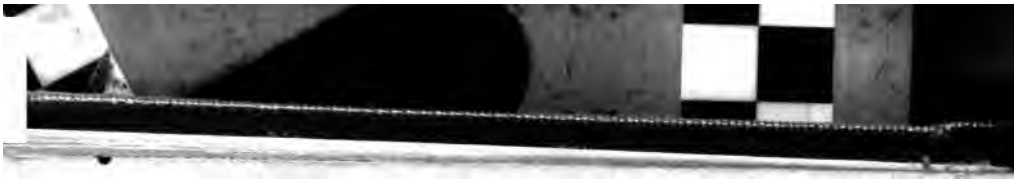
Behold Belasco in his den,
Wielding the scissors, paste and pen,
And writing with consummate skill
A play by W. De Mille.

PASTE

Henrik Ibsen

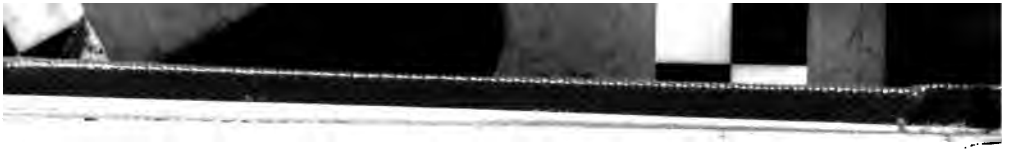
I once drew Ibsen, looking bored
Across a deep Norwegian Fjord,
And very nearly every one
Mistook him for the midnight sun.





J. Forbes–Robertson

I'm told the Artist who aspires
To draw Forbes-Robertson requires
A Sargent's brush. Dear me! how sad!
I've lost the only one I had.

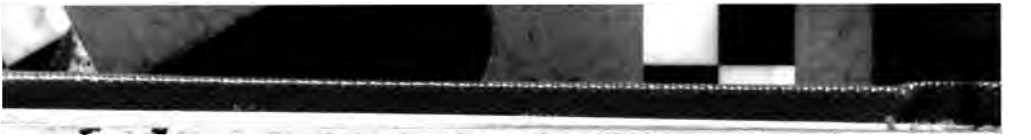


John Drew

For Perfect Form there are but few
That can compare with Mr. Drew;
A Form most fittingly displayed
In rôles from London, tailor-made
By Messrs. Maughn, Pinero, Jones,
In quiet, gentlemanly tones.
The *Nouveaux-Riches* flock, day by day,
To learn from John how to display
(Without unnecessary gloom)
The manners of the drawing-room.
This possibly may be the cause
(Or one of them) why John Drew draws.

Israel Zangwill

This picture though it is not much
  Like Zangwill, is not void of worth
It has one true Zangwillian touch
  It looks like nothing else on earth.



George Bernard Shaw

George Bernard Shaw—Oh, yes, I know
I did him not so long ago.
But then, you see, I *like* to do
George Bernard Shaw (George likes it too).

Peter Dunne

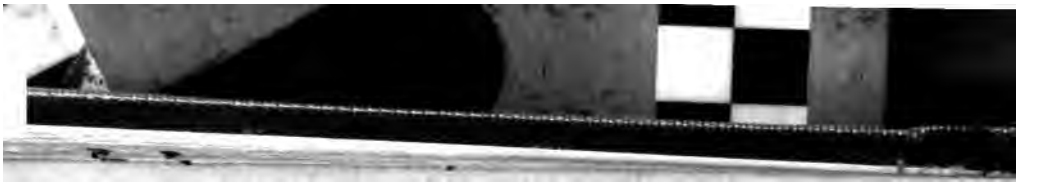
By the Harp

"Shpeaking of Harps, sure me frind Pete
Has got the Harp of Tara beat,"
Said Mr. Dooley. "Div'l a thing
That boy can't play upon won shtring.
For all the wurrld, to hear him play
You'd think 'twas a whole orchestray.
Great Shtatesmen come from far and near
And shtop their talking, just to hear
Him harp upon the latest kinks
In politics and social jinks.
Niver was such a music sharp,
I'd orter know, sure *I'm* the Harp."

DOOLEY

Saint Paul

It saddens me to think Saint Paul
Such lengthy letters had to scrawl.
And so to make his labor lighter
I picture him with a typewriter.



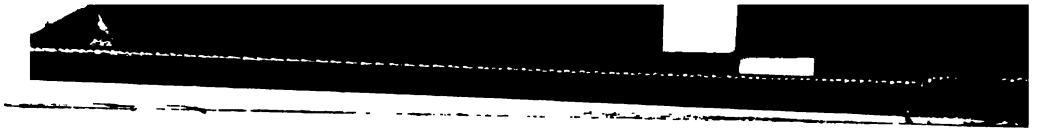
Hiram Maxim

From Hiram Maxim's hair you'd think
His specialty was spilling ink—
You'd never dream he'd spilt more blood
Than any one man since the Flood.

George Ade

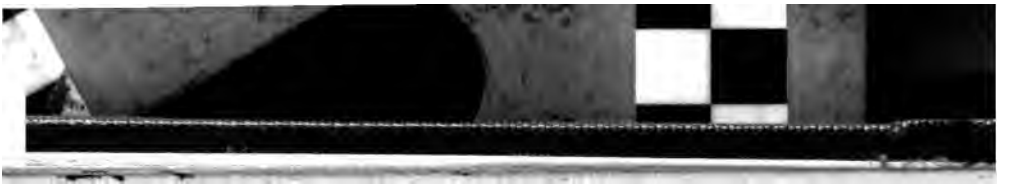
Somehow I always like to think
Of GEORGEADE as a Summer Drink,
Sparkling and cool, with just a Tang
Of Pleasant Effervescent Slang;
A Wholesome Tonic, without question,
And Cure for Moral Indigestion.
In Summer-time, beneath the shade,
We find Refreshment in GEORGEADE.
And 'mid the Scorching City's roar
We drink him up and call for more.
I often wonder what the "Trade"
Buys half so precious as GEORGEADE.

ASK FOR
Georgeade
TONIC
REFEESHING



Christopher Columbus

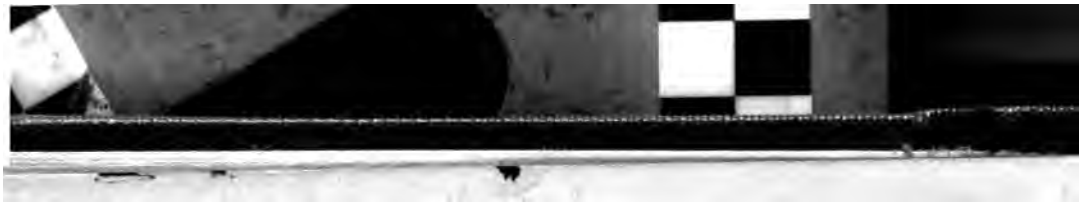
Columbus is an easy one
To draw, for when the picture's done,
Where is the captious critic who
Can say the likeness is not true?



Picture of O. H. and Hafiz, the "Persian Kitten," by James Montgomery Flagg.

Hafiz

When Hafiz saw the portrait free,
By Monty Flagg, of him and me,
He made remarks one can't repeat
In any reputable sheet.



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